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- **TENALI RAMA SILENCES THE BOASTERS**: Only he could have done that! A complete story through pictures.
- **THE GOLDEN ANKLETS** : The great story by Prince Ilango Adigal continues through pictures.
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Vyayato vruddhimayati kshayamayati samchayat

O Mother Bharati (Saraswathi)! Strange is the nature of your treasury. Any spending from this treasury increases it; but mere acquisition (without giving others the benefit of learning) reduces it.

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

LOOKING BACK

With this issue the English *Chandamama* steps into the 19th year of publication. Looking back, the magazine feels grateful to Providence and thankful to the readers for the service it has been able to render to the upcoming generation and the goodwill it has received from them. *Chandamama* is proud of the fact that so many of its readers have grown into important citizens and they carry in their life the traits which they had imbibed from this fond companion of theirs and they are happy to admit it!

In our section "Classic Stories of India" we now begin the story of *Silappadikaram*, a great Tamil work of the 2nd or 3rd century, written by Ilango Adigal, a prince who became an ascetic. The story teaches us much about life.

Thoughts to be Treasured

If you have faith in the cause and the means and in God, the hot sun will be cool for you.

—Mahatma Gandhi





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HTA 6026



***** DID YOU KNOW? *****



A comet's tail of 60,000 cubic miles does not weigh more than a breath of air!

One teaspoonful of water contains as many molecules as the Atlantic Ocean contains teaspoonfuls of water!



A little over 50,000 earthquakes occur every year. However, most of them are too slight to be felt.

The earth's rotation speed is 29 kilometres a minute.



Indonesia consists of 13,000 islands.

Man is the only animal which sleeps on its back.







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BLIND YOUTHS CONQUER PEAK

Two blind youths from Pune have scaled the 16 000 feet Pata su peak in the Western Himalayas.

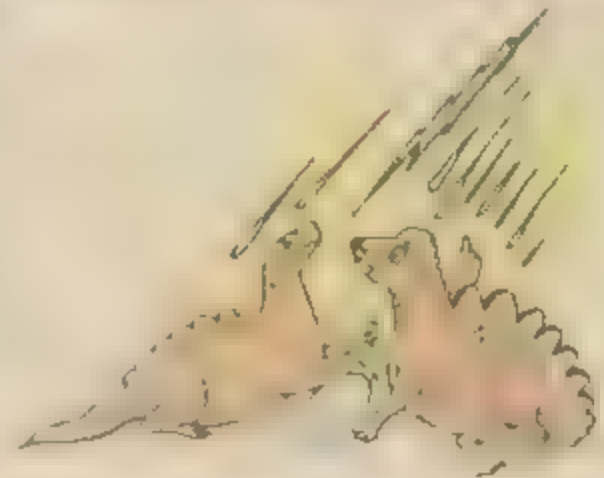
Datatraye Yeole and Mohan Kamble, became the first blind mountaineers of the country when they climbed the peak recently with the help of three guides.

HOW DID DINOSAURS DIE?

Scientists have presented new studies about what may have killed the dinosaurs some 60 million years ago.

The extinctions were caused by volcanic eruptions that darkened the sun. The action caused a major change in the earth's weather, created a vast amount of "acid rain".

The killer volcano was in what is now India and formed a lava belt that covered the ocean. It formed a belt over thousands of miles to a depth of hundreds of feet.



A 1,000-YEAR-OLD KITCHEN

The temple kitchen of Lord Jagannath of Puri with a capacity to feed about a hundred thousand people everyday, has been serving the Lord and his devotees for the past one thousand years and is the world's oldest kitchen.

WHAT A ROTATION!

Scientists have discovered a rapidly whirling pulsar, the second fastest spinning star in the universe, and the only one orbiting a companion star.

It is estimated that the 16 km-wide pulsar, spinning at mind boggling speed, makes a complete revolution every 1.6 milliseconds. A millisecond is one one-thousandth of a second.



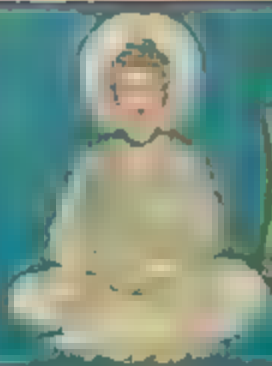
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BUDDHA

Kalavastu on the river. He was led by a white elephant. His queen, Mayadevi, dreamt of a white elephant entering her body. This was the birth of a great son.

A STORY FROM A PAST LIFE

Soon it became known that Queen Mayadevi was going to be a mother. Great care was taken by her younger sister, Mahaprajapati, who was the king's second wife, to see that the queen lived a relaxed life, no harsh noise disturbed her, and she heard nothing but

words sweet and pleasant.

And a time came when Queen Mayadevi knew that she was very near the day when she would give birth to her child. She told her husband, "O King, for any woman, her fear and pain at the experience of childbirth is greatly reduced if she is





with her parents. Do I have your permission to proceed to my parents' home?"

"Dear Queen, your parents' home at Devadaha is not far. I will see to it that the road is made smooth for the bearers to carry your palanquin without any jolt or jerk," said the happy king.

But levelling the road which had not been used by the royalty for a year or two and clearing it of shrubs took two or three days. And then, one afternoon, when the sun was mellow and the wind blew tenderly, the queen set out for her destination. Bodyguards marched in

front of the palanquin and behind it, while her maids walked flanking it, keeping pace with the bearers. Of course, at the head of the procession rode a minister who was like an uncle to the queen.

The procession wended its way slowly, for the minister who led it knew that they will reach Devadaha before the first hour of the night—a fullmoon night had passed.

They left Kapilavastu behind and passed through a couple of villages. Then they approached a charmingly laid out park. It was sundown and the Sal trees abounding the park were all abloom filling the atmosphere with sweet fragrance. Birds sang as if welcoming the queen. And indeed looking out through her palanquin the queen grew curious about the beautiful park.

One of her maids told her, "O Queen, this is the royal park of Lumbini. So many times you wished to pay a visit here, though you were never able to make it."

"Let us make it now!" said the queen enthusiastically. The maids passed on the queen's desire to the minister who ordered the bearers to set the

palanquin down under a grove, close by a lake on which snow-white swans swam.

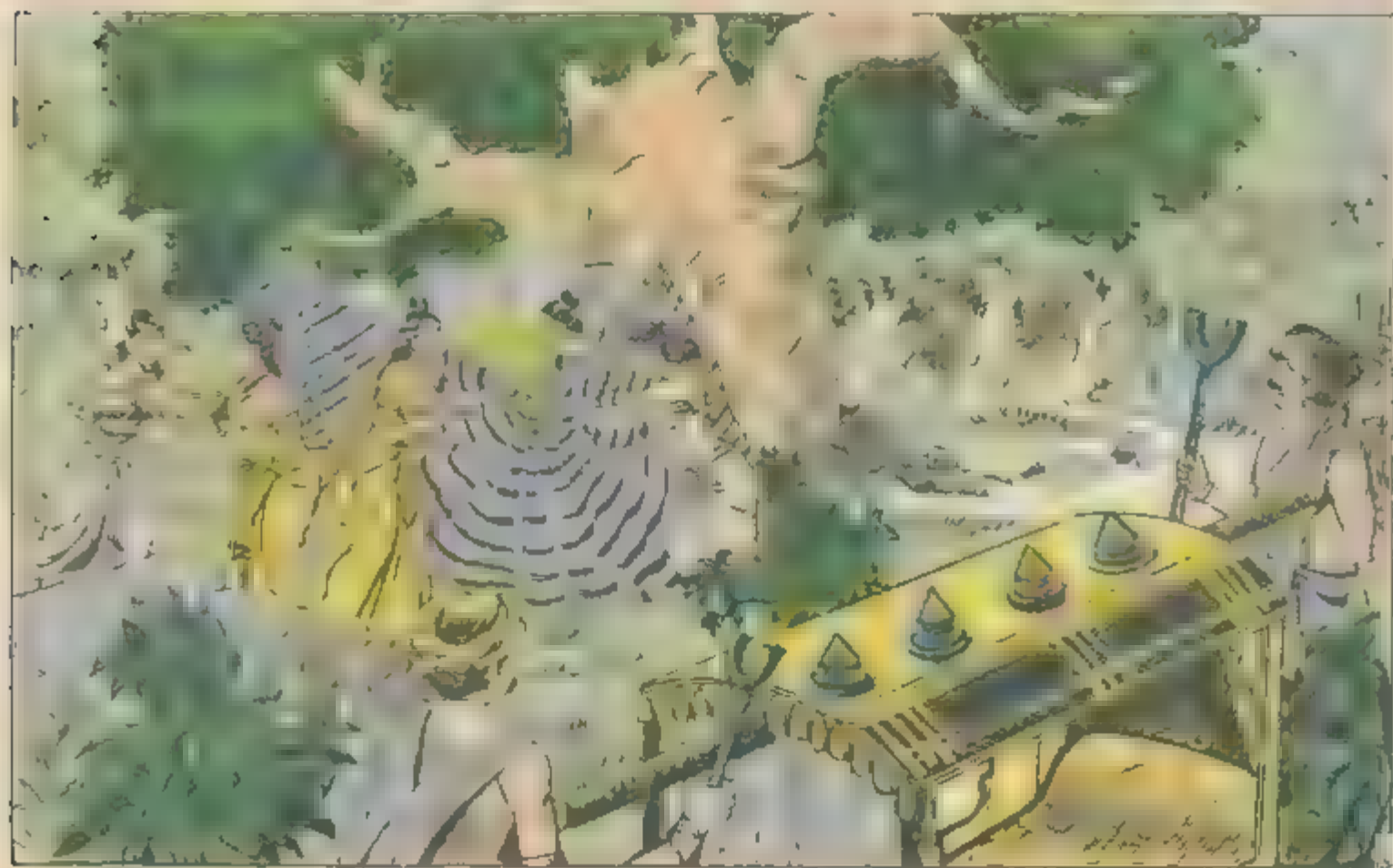
"How wonderful," exclaimed the queen as she stepped on the soft grass and was engulfed by waves of scented breeze. The sun had just disappeared and, on the eastern horizon, the full moon was about to rise.

But the maids observed a sudden change in the queen's look. There was pain in it. She stopped, holding on to a branch of a Sal tree. Instantly the maids who understood that she was experiencing labour pain hung curtains around her. She gave an indication that they should

stand outside the curtains. And there, still standing, the queen was delivered of her son. It proved good that nobody else was there to witness the childbirth, for, to her wonder and bliss, she saw the new-born babe standing and casting a serene look in all directions.

The queen knew that the one who had arrived as her son was a great soul. Although she confided of this miracle to the king afterwards, she was destined to be its sole witness.

Then the maids came in and there was great rejoicing. Some members of the party ran to the palace carrying the tidings to the





king. Instead of proceeding to Devadaha, the procession now turned back towards Kapilavastu.

The king and his kinsmen congratulated the queen. But she hardly talked. Her face radiated contentment and her eyes, fixed on the child, looked candidly expressive.

Had there been anybody capable of reading the message in her silent look, he would have perhaps read something like this. "I had the privilege to bear you, O great one, because you chose to be born among men. My role is over."

On the fifth day the king was

surprised to see at his door a celebrated sage known as Asita. "Are you blessed with a son, Your Majesty?" the sage asked.

"I am indeed, and you are here on an auspicious day, for he is to be given a name today," said the king.

"Can I see the prince?" asked Sage Asita.

"You are most welcome to see him and bless him."

The king led the sage into the queen's apartment. The child was brought out of the queen's chamber and placed on the eager arms of the sage. He kept looking at the child intently. Then tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"Why O sage, what makes you weep? Do you foresee any misfortune for my son?" asked the anxious king.

"Not for your son I weep, your Majesty, but for myself," answered the sage.

The king stood embarrassed. "How can this little child cause you any misfortune, O noble sage?" he made bold to ask.

"Your Majesty, while I sat in meditation in my faraway hermitage, I knew that a Divine spark has descended on earth. I concentrated and came to know

where this great event had taken place. So I came here. As I hold the child, I see thirty-two auspicious marks on his person. Your son is going to attain a stature which can be attained by great souls only rarely, at intervals of **aeons**," said the sage.

"But what makes you sad?" asked the impatient king.

"It is my misfortune that I will not be there to benefit by his company or to serve him or to listen to his words that will dispel darkness from the minds of millions. I am too old to look forward to that glorious future," said the sage, with a sigh.

The king too heaved a sigh, but a sigh of relief. "O sage, do you mean to say that my son will become greater than a king?" he asked after a while in a pensive tone.

"Far greater than a king, he

will become the guide of men who thirst for liberation and a teacher for the ignorant who do not know what to look for," said the sage and he took leave of the king.

The ceremony to name the prince took place with the due rites. He was named Siddhartha—the one who will accomplish the purpose for which he is born.

On the seventh day, the queen called her younger sister to her bedside and said, "My dear Mahaprajapati, now onwards the child is yours! Let me depart in peace."

As the weeping younger queen took the child in her arms, Queen Mayadevi, after a last look at her son, closed her eyes forever.

—To Continue



MONUMENTS OF INDIA

PADMANABHASWAMI TEMPLE

The original name of Trivandrum, the present capital of Kerala, is Tiru-Ananta-Puram. Ananta(infinite) is the name of the Lord. It is also the name of the mythical serpent who holds the Earth.

The most famous of many shrines in this city is the shrine of Vishnu, known here as Padmanabhaswami. Vishnu here is also known as Anantasayanam.

The deity is very old. His temple naturally has been reconstructed several times. King Martanda Verma of Travancore is responsible for the renovated structure that is seen today. The grand corridors are marked by three hundred and sixty-eight carved granite pillars. The walls are painted with mythological themes. The temple complex contains several other shrines—those of Krishna, Kshetrapala, Narasimha, Sasta and Garuda and of others.





A CHANCE MEETING

Two elderly men were travelling through a desolate area. It began to rain heavily. The two friends found shelter in a deserted temple.

But what did they see there? There sat a young lady, all alone weeping.

"What is the matter with you, my daughter?" asked one of the two travellers. The young lady was reluctant to narrate her woes to them. But, after all, she needed some sympathy from some quarters. So she said, "I was an inmate of the king's palace. But I ran away. It is because the king proposed my marriage with the son of my father's servant. I shall rather die than marry a servant's son! Am I not a zamindar's daughter?"

The two travellers went closer

to her and surveyed her face in the meagre light. Then they looked at each other meaningfully.

"Can you blame me for my action? Am I not justified in disobeying the king, even though he is a very just man?" asked the young lady.

"We do not know whether you did the right thing or not. Who is the servant?" asked a traveller.

"His name is Gangadhar," said the young lady.

The two travellers looked at each other once again. "We knew one Gangadhar who was a servant of Kalyan Roy, a zamindar," they said.

"How did you know Kalyan Roy?" asked the young lady, giving a start.

"I will tell you about it," said



one of the travellers and he narrated the following incidents.

Kalyan Roy's wife died leaving an infant daughter behind. Soon Roy himself took to bed. When he realised that he would die any moment, he called the manager of his estate, Gopinath, to his bedside and told him, "Please take care of my daughter, Vinapani, and my estate, till she has sufficiently grown up to take charge of it herself." Gopinath promised to do so. But once Kalyan Roy was dead, Gopinath's only aim was to usurp the zamindar's property.

His wife came and took over the charge of the zamindar's household. She ill-treated Vinapani and did not even feed her properly.

One day the king came to that village. Kalyan Roy used to be very friendly with the king. Naturally, the king expressed a desire to see Roy's daughter. She was brought to the king by Gopinath. She had been dressed well for the occasion. The king fondled her and observed, "I see, she is looked after well!"

At once the little girl spoke out, "No, only on such special occasions I am dressed well!"

The king warned Gopinath against negligence of his duty and instructed him to see that Vinapani did not lack anything.

After the king left, Gopinath became very rude towards Vinapani. His wife locked up the girl in a small room, filling it with the smoke of chillipod. It was Gangadhar, the servant of the family, who found the girl in a miserable condition. She had fainted. Gangadhar revived her.

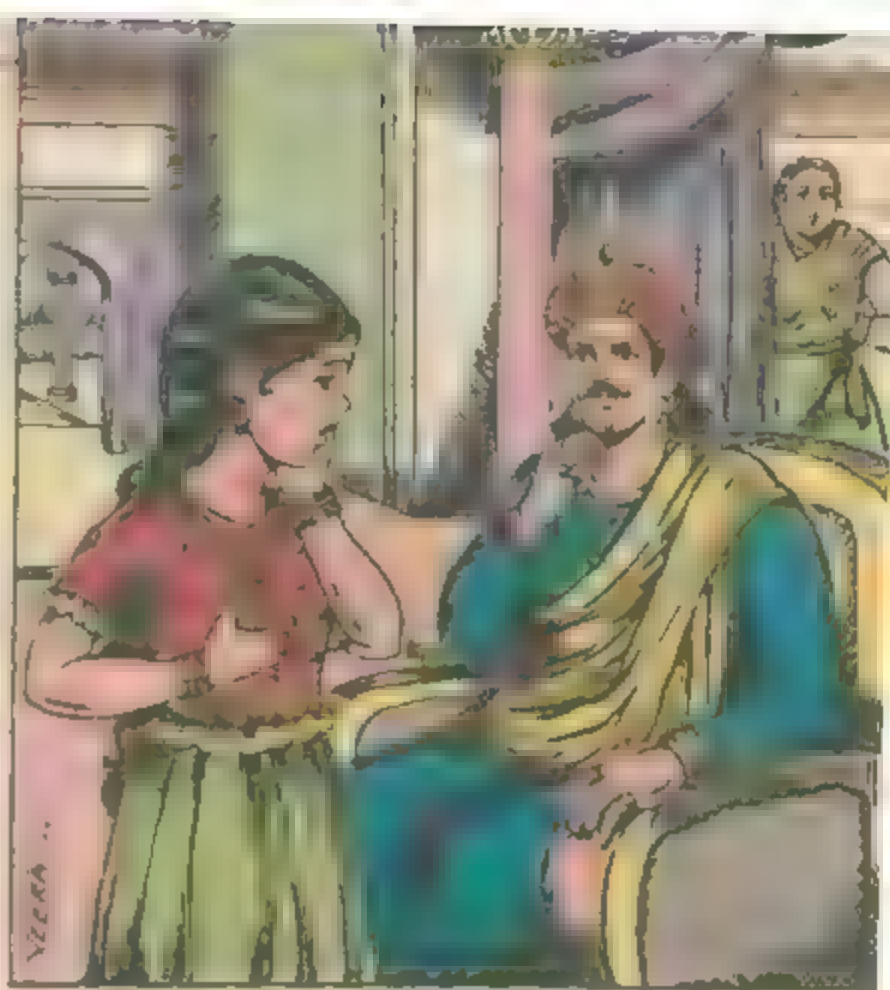
Next day Gopinath bribed a quack and asked him to treat the girl to poison so that she would die. The quack, reluctant to kill the girl himself, agreed to

give some poisonous tablets if Gopinath sent someone to his house. Gopinath sent Gangadhar. Somehow Gangadhar got suspicious about the deal. He threw away the medicine which the quack gave him and returned with some harmless stuff which he gathered from his own house.

When Gopinath saw that the quack's medicine did not affect the child, he sent for an exorcist saying that the child had been possessed by an evil spirit. The bewildered and much harassed child would have died in course of another few days. But one night Gangadhar secretly carried her to a friend of his and kept her there in hiding.

When the villagers did not see the child in the morning, they suspected foul play by Gopinath, for they knew how the fellow had been very cruel to the child. They went and complained to the king. The king threw Gopinath and his wife into gaol.

A year later Gangadhar and his friend carried the child to the king's palace and left her in the king's custody. Years have rolled by and the child must have



grown up!

The traveller stopped.

The young lady who was listening to the story with rapt attention, cried out, "I am that child—Vinapani!"

"I thought so," said the traveller.

"I never knew that Gangadhar had done so much for me!" said Vinapani.

"My daughter, he saved you. No wonder the king should like you to marry his son. Perhaps you do not know anything about his son!" said the man.

"No," confessed Vinapani.

"Well, he is a bright young man. At present he is the king's



representative in our district," replied the man.

Vinapani kept quiet.

"My daughter! Come. Let us escort you to the king's palace. The rain has subsided," proposed the traveller. Vinapani accompanied them silently.

When they reached the palace, Vinapani asked the man who had narrated to her all about her childhood, "Won't

you tell me who you are?"

The man smiled. "I am the cursed Gopinath. I was released from jail years later. I was by then a changed man. I have partly atoned for my sins by bringing you back to the palace today. My companion is my friend."

Gopinath went away before Vinapani could say anything more.

WHO ARE YOU?

Charles Lamb, the famous English writer was giving a lecture. Someone in the audience hissed. All were surprised. The speaker paused for a moment and then calmly said, "There are only three things that hiss—a goose, a snake and a fool. Will you please come forward and identify yourself?"





GHOST

There stood a temple on a solitary site outside the village. Villagers who visited the temple had to walk through a deserted meadow, a part of which was used as a cremation ground.

There were several trees on the meadow and some of them had become regular shelters for ghosts. Among them was a young ambitious ghost.

Among those who paid daily visits to the temple were a wealthy merchant, a school teacher and a poor woman.

One evening, while the merchant was crossing the deserted land, suddenly a smoky being swung towards him from a tree and said in a nasal tone, "Will you please listen to me?"

The merchant stopped. It did not take him long to realise that the being was some sort of a

ghost. He was frightened. But the ghost did not look harmful. He gathered courage and asked, "What is it that you intend to say?"

"I observe that you visit the temple every day, without fail. What is your problem? What do you ask of the deity?"

"Well, I have enough money and everything else to make one reasonably happy. But I suffer from sleeplessness. I pray to the deity to grant me good sleep," answered the merchant.

"Has the deity granted it?" queried the ghost.

"Not yet. In fact I visit the temple because thereby I find peace of mind. But what business do you have to put such questions to me?" asked the merchant.

The ghost laughed and that gave the merchant an eerie sen-



sation.

"I can guess the cause of your sleeplessness. You have a lot of money. You fear that your house may be burgled at night. That keeps you awake. Well, I can solve your problem," said the ghost quite jovially.

"Can you really? Why don't you do it then?" asked the merchant.

"I will do it on condition that you will build a temple to me," said the ghost.

"A temple for a ghost, eh? I've never heard of such a thing. But I don't mind doing it if I get sleep," said the merchant, taking leave of the ghost.

A little later the teacher was on his way to the temple. The ghost stopped him and said, "I don't know how you are benefited by the deity. But if you ask me for a boon, I can grant it to you."

"Really?" the teacher responded after getting over his fear. "Well, my problem is, I have a daughter of marriageable age. I'm hard put to find a match for her. I've no money to give as dowry, you know!"

"I'll solve your problem in a simple way. But if I get a temple made for me by somebody, will you install my image in it?" asked the ghost.

"A ghost's image in a temple!" mumbled the teacher musing over the unusual proposal. Then he said, "Very well, let me see you solve my problem first. I can then get an image of yours made."

Soon thereafter was seen the poor woman proceeding towards the temple. The ghost swung towards her and asked, "Can I do anything for you?"

At first terrified, the woman managed to say, "My husband wastes a lot of money on drink. Can you make him give up the habit?"

"I can, on condition that you will light a lamp in my honour inside the temple which a gentleman will build for me," said the ghost.

"I accept the condition," said the woman.

The ghost became happy.

Next day, in the evening, it was seen that the merchant was anxiously looking for the ghost. As soon as the ghost appeared before him, he burst out, "You wicked being, is this the solution to my problem? You changed all my money into charcoal so that I will have no fear of burglars and so I can sleep in peace, is that so? Fool, is it to make charcoal of my money that I had earned it through hard toil? Change the charcoal into the money that it was, or I shall call an exorcist and punish you!"

"It is all right, sir, you need not call an exorcist. I'll do as you say," said the ghost in a panicky voice.

The merchant was followed by the teacher. He too appeared anxious to meet the ghost. "You stupid ghost!" he shouted the moment he sighted the aerial figure. "Is this the solution you had in your wretched mind?"



Who asked you to change my daughter into a boy so that I won't have to look for a husband for her? In shame my child was about to run away from my house. Unless you change her to the girl she truly is, I shall call an exorcist and teach you a lesson."

"Don't get worked up. I'll make your child what she was," said the ghost.

Before long the poor woman arrived there. The ghost appeared before her with some hesitation. The woman screamed at it, saying, "You irresponsible imp! Had I asked you to throw my husband into a



coma? Who will work and earn for our living? I'll tell an exorcist whom I know all about you and see to it that you are tormented."

"Don't do so, Auntie, I'll presently revive your husband," assured the ghost.

It was growing dark. When the place became completely quiet, an elderly ghost approached the young one and said, "Look here, sonny, tem-

ples are meant for gods and goddesses and not for ghosts. People go to the temple because it is normal with the human beings to have devotion for the deity. You cannot command their devotion. Better you too pray to the deity so that you are liberated from your present condition. At least I have lately **begun to pray.**"

The young ghost nodded to indicate that he accepted the advice.

IF I HAD...

"How wonderfully well you sang, Ratan!" said Hari, congratulating his friend

"What is there so great about it?" protested Rasik, a third boy. "If I had his voice and his training and his style I could also sing wonderfully well!"

* * *



The Woman Who Was Eager To Die

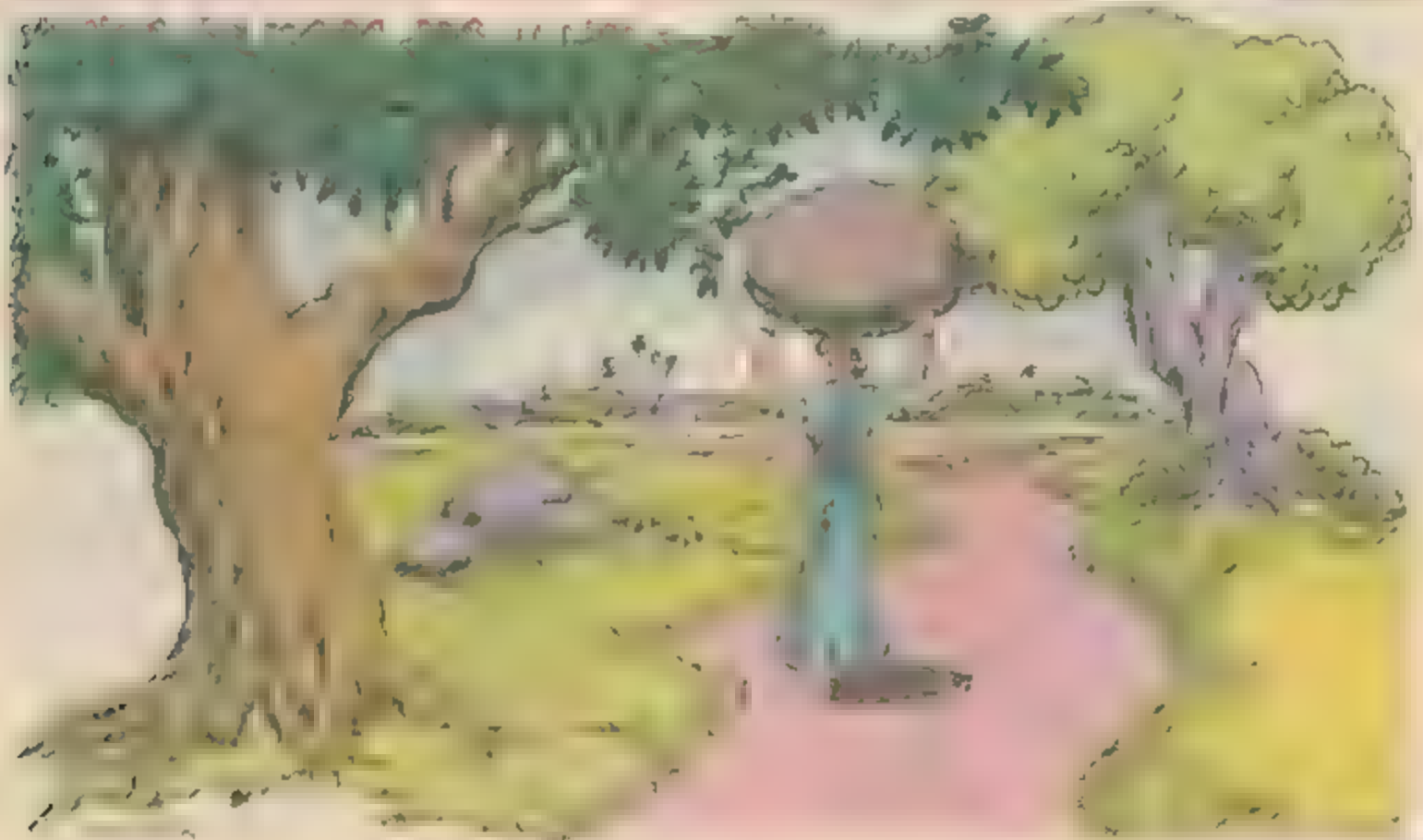
It was a hot summer noon. An old woman, carrying a sackful of watermelons on her head, was going to the weekly market in a village which was still a mile away.

She was tired. She sat down under a tree and wiped the sweat from her face and murmured, "I have had enough of this life. How much I wish to die! But callous and cruel indeed is Yama, who does not listen to my prayers!"

It so happened that Yama,

the God of Death and Sage Narada were passing by, invisible, through the air a little above the tree. Both heard the old woman's murmur. Narada looked at Yama, wondering how he will react to the woman's grievance. Yama smiled, but said nothing.

"I am intrigued by your conduct, O Yama. Here is an old woman who is most eager to die. Even a casual look at her would convince one that she would prefer death to the



drudgery of life at this age. Why don't you oblige her? I have seen you collecting the lives of so many people who are not at all willing to die!" said Narada.

"I never take the life of one who is not willing to die!" asserted Yama.

"But I have seen..."

Yama interrupted Narada's speech and said, "You have seen people afraid of death. Is that right? The fear is in one's mind. But one's soul is certainly ready to face death, whatever be the reason, when I strike one."

"Are you sure that this good old woman's soul is not ready

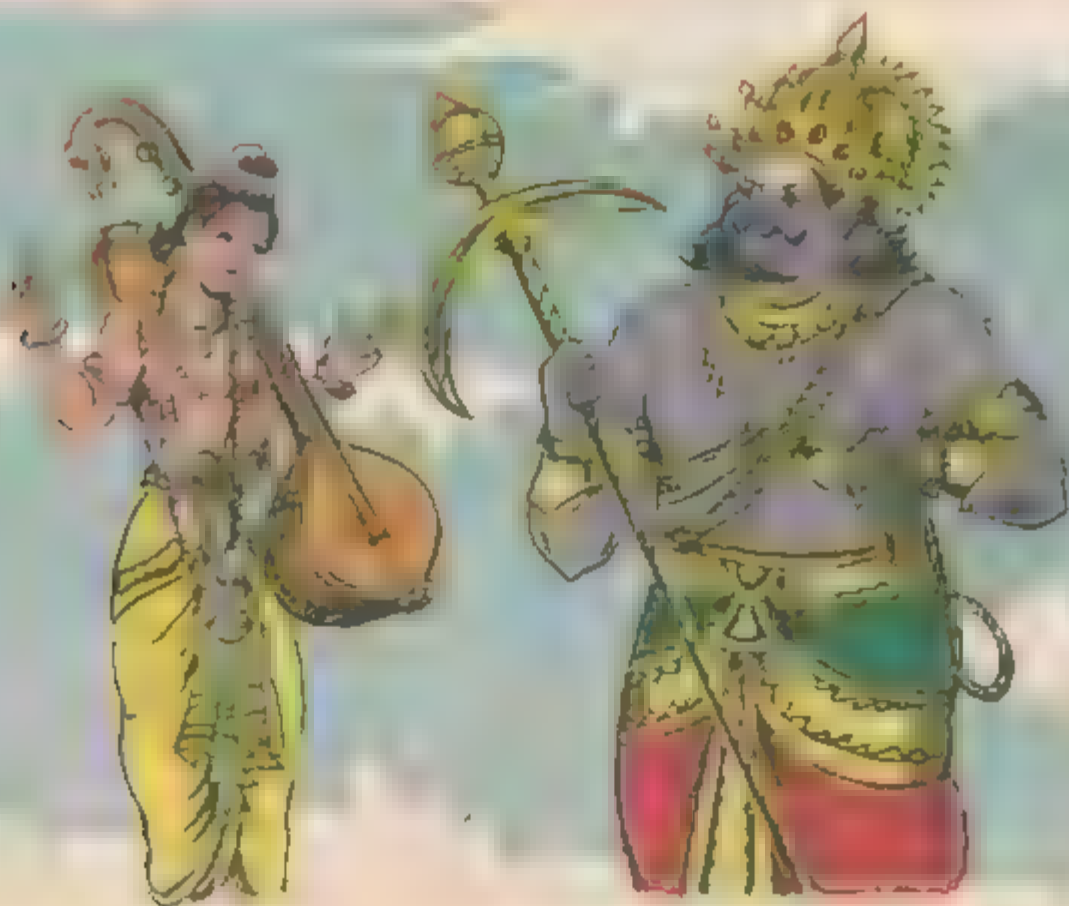
for death?" challenged Narada.

"Nothing of hers is ready for death, not even her mind with which she is speaking."

Just then the old woman made an effort to lift up the sack in order to resume her journey, but found it difficult to do so. "Damned be Yama, who must have grown deaf not to hear my pleadings!" she muttered in the process.

"O noble Yama, why don't you once again check about the woman's readiness to die or otherwise?" Narada asked.

"Very well, let me do so for your sake; come with me," said Yama.



Both Yama and Narada made a sudden appearance before the woman. She gave a start "Who are you, sons?" she asked.

"I am Narada. You might have heard of me. And my companion is none other than the one whom you need most," said the sage.

"I don't understand you!" said the woman, feigning inability to recognise the god.

"Don't you remember how much you yearned to die? Here is Yama—ready to relieve you of your burdensome life," explained Narada.

"What! Must I die on my way to the market? Haven't I promised my grandson some jaggery which I propose to buy after selling my watermelons? Don't I have a hundred other commitments? What kind of god is this Yama that...."

"Tut, tut, woman, you won't have to exercise yourself too much. If you are unwilling to die, Yama will leave you in peace. But didn't you call him just now? Didn't you blame him for his failure to respond to your call?" asked Narada.

"Oh, that!" The woman sported a generous smile "All I wanted was somebody should lift up this sack and put it on my head. I remembered him in this connection. That's all."

Narada and Yama looked at each other. Yama obliged the woman by lifting the sack to her head and then both the celestial travellers took leave of her.

"I'm sorry, I made you work!" Narada said, a bit embarrassed.

Yama smiled and said nothing.



CLEANLINESS : THE KEY TO GOOD HEALING

By Dr. R. Jagannath

UnCLE Ram resumed his first aid class for Kumud and Vinod.

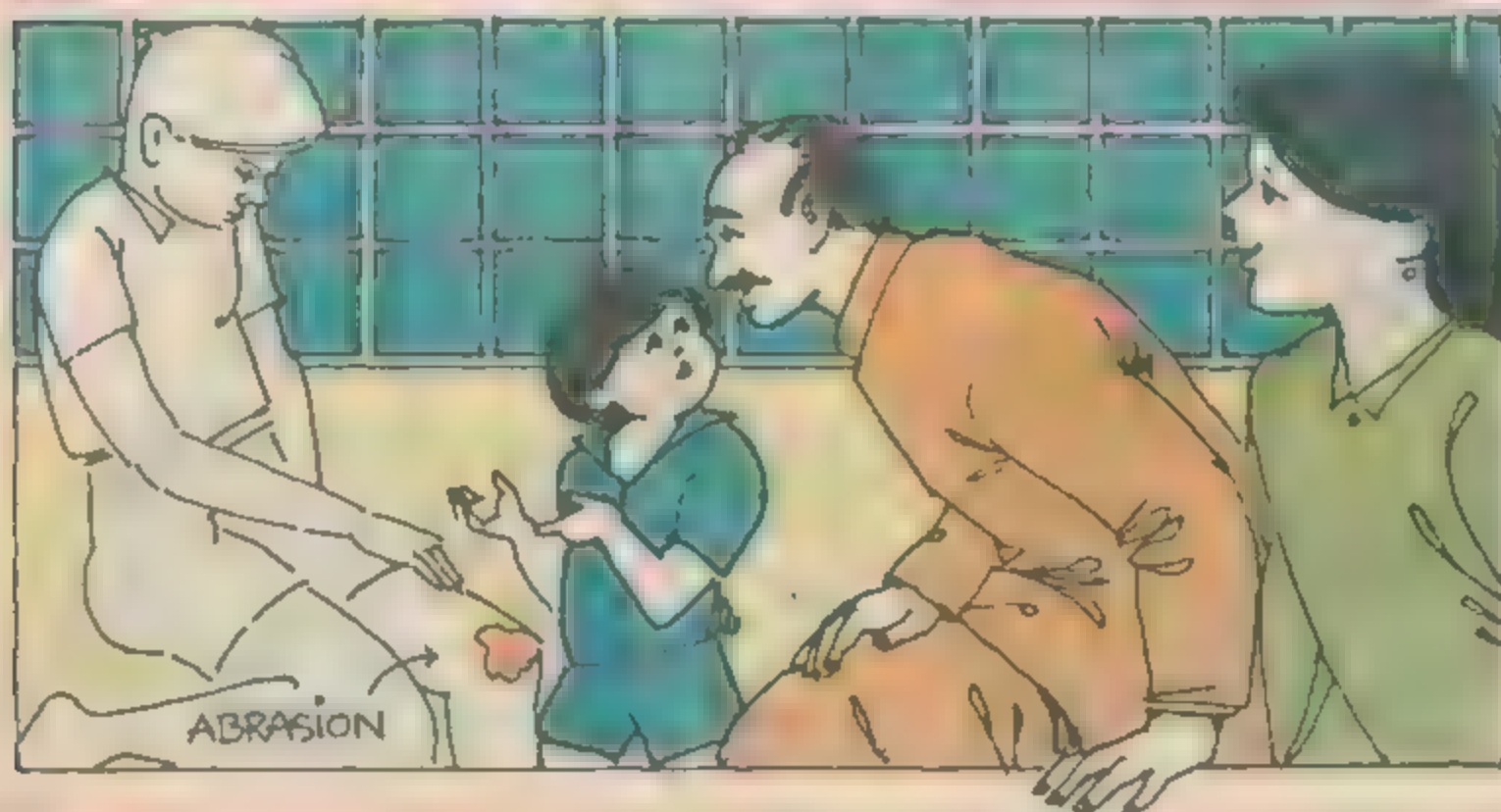
"Till now I have been telling you about the important things that we must check generally, when we come across any casualty. Now onwards I shall tell you how to deal with the different types of emergencies that you may come across. What should we start with?" he asked.

"Tell us about injuries, Uncle," said Vinod.

"Yes, I shall first tell you about the different types of injuries.

When someone has met with an accident, he may have injuries on the skin, which we call external injuries—external meaning outside. There may also be injuries inside the body, which we cannot see. These are called internal injuries, internal meaning inside.

"External injuries caused by a blunt thing like, say, a fist, will result in a bruise which produces a bluish black swelling. Injuries that cause some break in the skin are called wounds. The nature of a wound depends



on how it is produced. Have you ever fallen while playing and scraped your elbows or knees?" asked uncle.

"Yes, many times," answered Vinod.

"This type of wound where the surface of the skin is scraped off by rubbing against something rough, is called an abrasion. Abrasions do not usually bleed very much. But they can be painful and there is a risk of infection if much dirt has got into the wound.

"If one gets a cut from a very sharp thing like a blade or a knife, it is called an incised wound. These wounds are generally clean and heal quickly if they are kept clean, but if they are deep and some blood vessel is cut, they may bleed quite heavily.

"When there is an irregular, torn injury caused by a ragged edge, it is called a laceration. Lacerated wounds are not easy to clean and they are liable to get infected, unless carefully cleaned.

"When a thin long object like a knife or a nail enters the body, a puncture wound is produced. These can look deceptively simple on the outside with just a



small hole, but even small puncture wounds may be dangerous if they go deep into the chest or abdomen."

Uncle Ram paused and observed his listeners with keen eyes.

"What do we do when we come across a wound, Uncle?" asked Vinod.

Uncle Ram countered with a question, "Do you know what are the possible dangers when one is wounded?"

"There may be severe bleeding," said Vinod. "And you have already told us how we can control it."

The wound may get septic," said Kumud.



able in air-tight packets. They are called sterile dressings. It is a good practice for a first-aid to keep a few of them in his first-aid kit. As we go along, I shall tell you what other things we must keep in a first-aid kit.

"Before going on to clean a wound, we must first wash our hands thoroughly with clean water and soap. If there is a lot of dirt around the wound, it should be first wiped away with damp cotton, wiping it away from the wound so that more dirt does not come into the wound. Then the wound and the surrounding area are cleaned thoroughly with plenty of clean water and soap. Remember, the cleaning should be done away from the wound and not towards the wound. Then with a piece of sterile gauze or any clean cloth available, gently dab the wound dry without rubbing it, and wipe the surrounding area dry. Make sure that no dirt remains in the wound, for cleanliness of the wound is of utmost importance for good healing. While cleaning the wound and dabbing it dry, see that you do not touch the wound with your fingers or with that part of the gauze which you have touched with

"Yes," agreed Uncle Ram. "There are germs all around us, in the air, water and on our body and clothes, even when these things look clean to the eye. Of course, there will be much more germs in dirt. When these germs settle on a wound, they multiply and cause infection, which delays the healing of the wound and may also affect the whole body. The germs on the skin can be minimised by washing it thoroughly with soap and water. Boiling for a while removes most of the germs in water and clothes. For the purpose of dressing wounds, pieces of gauze cloth which have been made free from germs are avail-

your fingers.

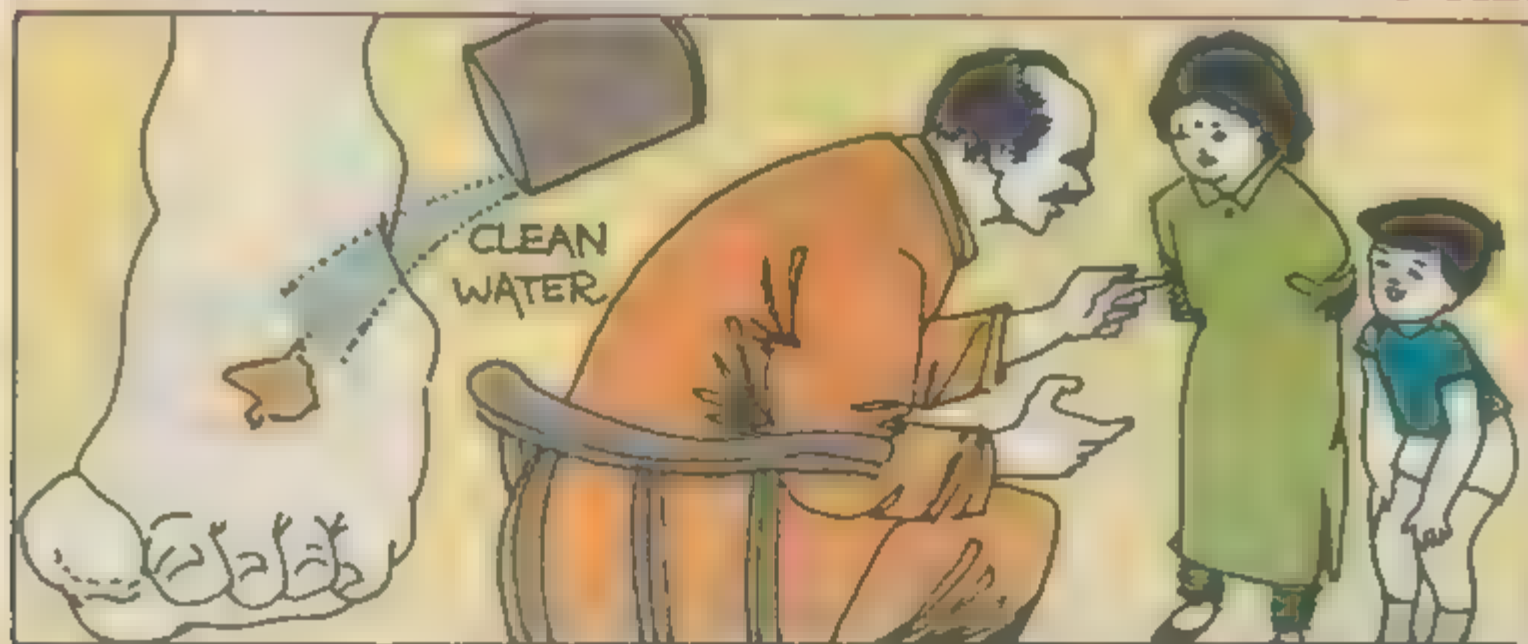
"A clean and dry wound, left to itself, will heal nicely by the body's own normal reaction. But since it may get dirty again or it may get rubbed against the person's clothes, it is better to cover it with some dressing.

After cleaning and drying the wound, take a piece of gauze and put some ointment such as Furacin or Soframycin on it; a small tube of either of these may be kept in the first-aid kit. Cover the wound completely with the gauze and tie a bandage to keep it in place. The ointment will give some protection against infection and also prevent the dry gauze from sticking to the wound and tearing away the healing tissue when we remove it." Kumud asked, "Now that we know how to clean and

dress a wound, can we treat a wound ourselves when someone is injured in the house or during play?"

"If the wound is large or deep, or if it is a punctured wound, give first aid by cleaning and dressing it and send the person to the doctor. If it is a small wound on the surface, you can treat it the way I have told you and change the dressing daily. However, you must watch carefully for signs of infection such as heat, redness or swelling around the wound, or fever. If there is any suspicion of infection, you must show it to a doctor," said Uncle Ram, rising from his seat.

The children too rose, happy that they now knew what to do when someone is wounded.



Fleas, fleas, fleas



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MIGHTY AMAZON

THE GREAT RIVER OF THE WORLD
VOLUME 1
RIVER





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FIRST TV SOCCER MATCH...





MAKING ONE LUCKY

The people of the village Sajalpur often commented that Narain was as truthful as he was courageous. He never flattered anybody. He was always ready to help others, though he rarely sought any help from others.

There was only one man who did not like such comments. He was Mahindra, the richest man in the village. He was never tired of saying that Narain's father was an employee of theirs and Narain had grown up indirectly through their help. In fact, Mahindra resented the fact that Narain never approached him for any help while everybody else in the village was obliged to him for one reason or the other. "Narain is very proud," he used to say.

Mahindra idled away his time sitting under the village banyan tree, surrounded by other impor-

tant and elderly villagers. Generally Mahindra was the speaker and he bragged about himself or his family. Others listened to him feigning rapt attention because they did not wish to displease the richest man!

One day, while their meeting was in full swing, Narain appeared there and greeted Mahindra and the other elders. "Sir, I want your help," he told Mahindra.

Mahindra looked very happy. "At last the proud chap is here seeking my help!" he thought. He smiled very genially and said, "What is it you need, Narain? I will surely help if it is not beyond my capacity!"

"I must repair my hut before the onset of monsoon. I need an amount of three hundred rupees..."

"Is that all?" asked Mahindra interrupting Narain. "Come to my house in the evening and take the amount!"

"No, sir, you won't have to give me any money. The money-lender will give it to me. You have to stand guarantee for me," explained Narain.

"But why should you borrow from the money-lender? Take the money from me. I don't need any interest!" said Mahindra showing great sympathy.

"That is the difficulty. I don't take interest free loans! That is why I should not take money from you. Please oblige me by standing guarantee for me," said Narain.

Mahindra realised that it was not easy to make Narain change his mind. He laughed and asked, "Well, Narain, tell me one thing. There are several respectable men in our village. Why did you choose me?" Needless to say, Mahindra expected that Narain will say something like this: "It is because you are the most respected and the most dependable man in the village!"

But Narain said, "Sir, there is a very strong reason for my choice. But is it necessary to speak it out?"



"What is the harm in your saying it?" asked Mahindra.

"If hear you must, I will say it another day," said Narain.

Mahindra summoned the money-lender and told him, "Give the money Narain needs. I stand guarantee for him."

The money-lender lost no time in paying to Narain.

After a month Narain paid the money-lender his dues and met Mahindra when he sat amidst his friends and informed him about it.

"How could you do it so soon?" asked Mahindra.

"Well, I had saved some money over the years and had deposited

my saving with an honest gentleman. He had spent a part of it for some emergency. That is why I had to borrow from the money-lender. As soon as the gentleman returned the money he had spent, I gave it to the money-lender," explained Narain.

"Now Narain, you must reveal why you chose me to stand guarantee for you!" insisted Mahindra.

Narain hesitated and said, "I better answer your question privately."

"No, no, there is no harm in others hearing your answer," said a jubilant Mahindra.

Narain put forth his answer, "You were in the habit of saving that my father was an employee

of yours. In other words, you expected me to be grateful to you. That is why, I showed my gratefulness to you by taking your help."

"I don't understand you. How can you express your gratefulness to me by taking my help?" asked Mahindra, a bit surprised.

"Everybody knows that I do not seek anyone's help. If a man like me, a proud man according to you, sought your help before so many people, is it not your good luck? By proving before all that you were lucky, I expressed my gratefulness to you. Is that clear?" said Narain.

Mahindra's face paled. "I see," was all he could manage to say. The others suppressed their laughter with some difficulty.





New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

A SON'S DUTY

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, what do you lack in life that you are still toiling at this unearthly hour for some gain? Strange, indeed, is the conduct of a king. Let me cite an example to illustrate my point. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: About a century ago the kingdom of



Mahindragiri was ruled by King Padmapada. He remained childless for long. However, he was blessed with a son at a rather late age. Naturally, he became most indulgent towards the child. The most skilled artisans of the kingdom were asked to make ever new toys for the prince; the best of sweetmeat makers were asked to prepare new varieties of items. They were amply rewarded for their labour.

The prince, who was named Pravin, completed five years of age. He was initiated into learning. After a year during which he was taught alphabet and

numbers, he was left in the gurukul of a teacher named Siddheswar. That was the custom which every prince had to follow.

The gurukul school was situated in the forest. Pravin loved the environment and his friends, but the teacher would not let him mix with the other students freely. He was provided with specially prepared food and he was given a comfortable seat in the class whereas the other students sat on the ground. The teacher was severe with the other students when they made any mistake, but he said nothing to the prince if even he made several mistakes.

When Pravin was twelve, the teacher called him and said, "O Prince, I am happy to inform you that you have successfully completed the course of your studies. I am sending a message to the king so that he sends a chariot to take you back to the palace."

Pravin said nothing, but in the morning he was not to be found in his room. The students and the teacher searched for him throughout the forest, but failed

to trace him. The king was informed. He became extremely anxious. His soldiers fanned out in all directions to locate the prince.

On the fifth day the king's spies informed the king that the prince had been seen massaging the legs of a guru named Shantisheel who ran another school on the other side of the forest. It was obvious that the prince had not been satisfied with whatever education he had received from Siddheswar. So he had enrolled himself as a student in the other school.

The king at once sent his minister to bring the prince home. What is more, he summoned Guru Shantisheel and demanded of him, "How dare you make my son massage your legs?"

"My lord, I never knew that Pravin was your son. Some of my students attend on me on their own. It so happened that Pravin followed their practice," replied the guru.

"You have insulted me by allowing the prince to do such a thing," shouted the king and he ordered that the guru be thrown



in jail.

Pravin was about to plead for his teacher, but the king did not let him speak. He embraced the prince and fondled his palms and said, "How painful it must have been for these tender hands!"

The shy prince could not say anything. The king instructed his courtiers to arrange for a festival to mark the return of the prince.

Some more years passed. Pravin was made the Crown Prince. But the king never let him do any work. Even though he was ailing, he did everything himself. And his only concern was

to make Pravin more and more happy.

The prince was feeling bored. One day he told his charioteer, "Put on my clothes and coronet and sit on the chariot. I will put on your clothes and drive it."

"Oh no, I should not let you do that," murmured the charioteer.

"This is my order," said Prince Pravin gravely.

The charioteer was obliged to do as ordered by the prince. The prince, dressed like the charioteer, drove the chariot.

They went out of the town and entered a village. The prince stopped the chariot and

got down and peeped into a hut. A boy was ill. His mother was serving him with a glass of lemon-water.

"You see, the prince is waiting in his chariot. He is thirsty. Can you give him a glass of lemon-water?" asked the prince.

The woman hesitated, but her son said, "Mother, hand over this glass immediately. Otherwise, like Guru Shantisheel, you too may be thrown into jail!"

The prince's face grew pale. Of course he accepted the glass of lemon-water and made the charioteer who sat like the prince drink it and then re-



turned the glass to the woman, but he realised how unpopular his father was.

The prince resumed driving the chariot. At the turn of a road, he could not control the horses. As a result the chariot was upturned. Both the prince and the charioteer received some bruises.

The accident was reported to the king by his spies. He summoned the charioteer and said, "You deserve to lose your head."

Prince Pravin stepped in and said, "Father, he is not at fault. It was I who drove the chariot!"

The king took the prince in

his arms and kissed his forehead and said, "My son, under no circumstances he should have let you drive the chariot. Do you think I would live had anything unfortunate happened to you?"

The king sent the charioteer to jail. According to the custom, the condemned persons were to be executed in the morning. The charioteer was to lose his head after spending the night in jail.

The prince could not sleep. He was much pained at the thought that the innocent charioteer would lose his head.

He had fallen only lightly asleep towards the later part of





the night when he heard someone speaking in a grave tone, "Pravin! you deserve death!" The prince sat up and found a young man raising a dagger to stab him. He caught hold of the would-be assassin's hand and exclaimed, "Vallabh! It is you who wished to murder me?"

Vallabh had become his most intimate friend during the five days the prince had spent at the hermitage of Guru Shantisheel. Vallabh's honesty and strength of character had charmed him.

"Vallabh, why did you wish to kill me?" Pravin asked him.

"Don't you understand? How else to avenge the unjust pun-

ishment which my revered guru is suffering? How to avenge the unjust death sentence passed on an innocent charioteer? It was with great effort that I managed to enter the palace, avoiding the alert guards. I don't understand how you can be so heartless as to let the innocent people become the victims of your father's whims," said Vallabh.

"I am not heartless. But my father is so affectionate, so indulgent towards me that I do not know how to go against him!" said Pravin with a sigh.

"Why don't you take advantage of his blind love towards you and ensure justice for the people? Have you forgotten what is a son's duty towards his father according to scriptures? There is no time to waste. You must act immediately," said Vallabh.

Pravin remained silent for a moment. Then he stood up and said, "Vallabh, I have decided to act. Wait here."

Pravin walked up to his father's apartment and woke the king up. "What's the matter?" asked the king, feeling at once surprised and anxious.

"Father, will you be pleased

to grant me my wish?" asked Pravin.

"Even if you ask me for my life, I will give it to you at once," said the king.

"Thanks. I will like to take over your kingly duties. I want you to retire for the sake of your well-being here and hereafter. If you love me truly, don't ask me a single question, but arrange to crown me the king before it is morning," said Pravin.

The king stood stunned. "Father, I am only doing the duty of a true son. Believe me and hurry up!" said Pravin in an assertive voice.

The king sent his bodyguards to summon the priest and his ministers. Crown Prince Pravin became the full-fledged king early in the morning.

The first order of the new king was to set Guru Shantisheel and the charoteer free. He apologised to the two and gave them compensations for the anguish they had suffered. Then he asked Vallabh, "Are you ready to face the consequence of trying to kill me?"

"My lord, I am ready," said Vallabh.

"Very well. You must work

under me as my prime minister," said Pravin. Vallabh consented to this.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone: "O King, Prince Pravin's conduct puzzles me. What did he mean by telling his father that he was acting for his well-being here and hereafter? How could he claim that he was doing the duty of a true son when he was depriving the king of his throne? And why was he in such a hurry? What is most puzzling, how could he make Vallabh who tried to murder him, his prime minister? Answer my questions, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram, "Prince Pravin knew how unpopular his father had become. As the things were, there could be a revolt among the subjects. By making the king give up his throne, Pravin saved him from any such rebellion. This was the king's well-being here—in his life. Pravin saved him from the consequence of



killing an innocent man like the charioteer. That amounted to saving the king from hell hereafter. He had to be in a hurry because he could save the charioteer from death only if he were the king. The charioteer was to be killed right in the morning!

"His claim that he was doing the duty of a son is correct. The scriptures say that the prime role of a son in the life of a father is to save the latter from hell. Pravin was performing that role.

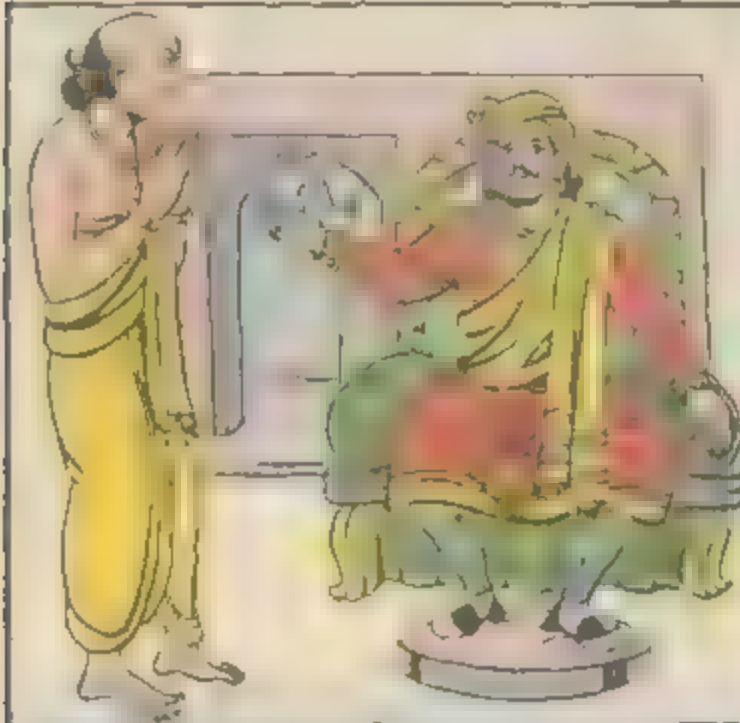
"Now remains the question of

his rewarding Vallabh with the position of prime minister. Pravin knew that Vallabh could not have meant to murder him. Vallabh would not have uttered some words and woken him up if he really wanted to kill him. Vallabh was only trying to impress Pravin with the gravity of the situation. He wanted to tell that Pravin deserved death for his inaction. That is all. Vallabh was a true well-wisher of Pravin."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

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A STRANGE HORSE



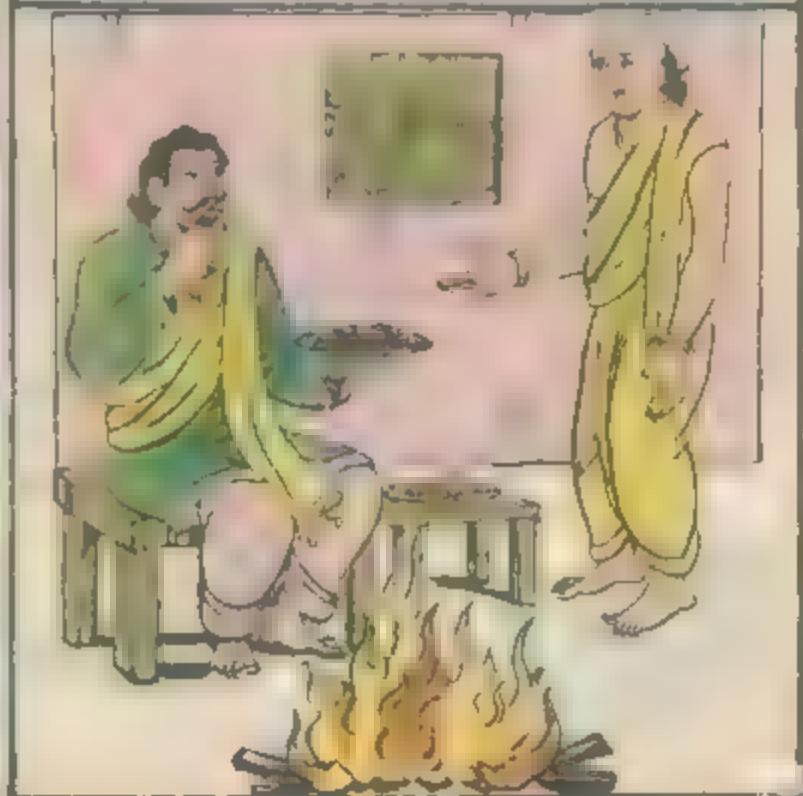
One day the king wished to send a message to a certain landlord who was notorious for his discourtesy. He chose Tenali Rama for the job

Tenali Rama galloped forth. It was winter. Over and above that it drizzled. He shivered.

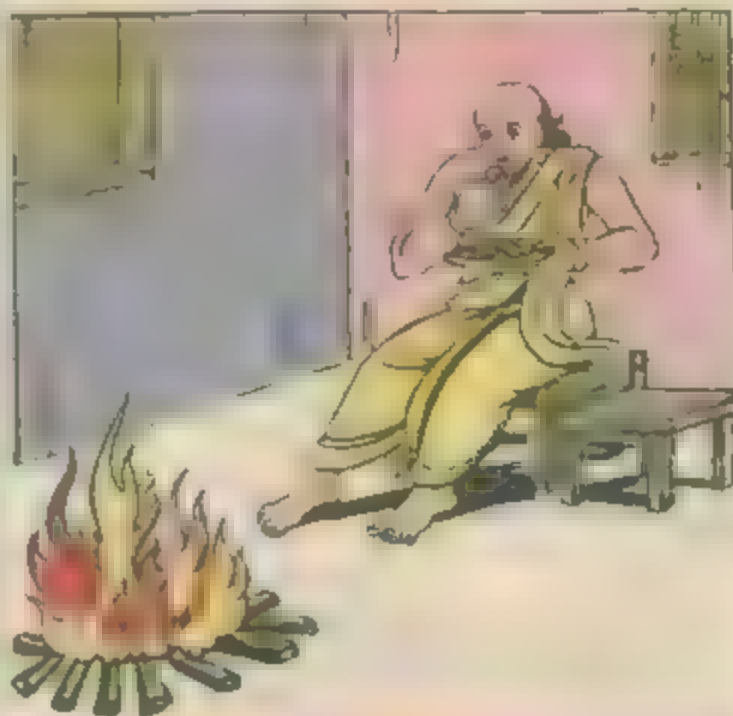
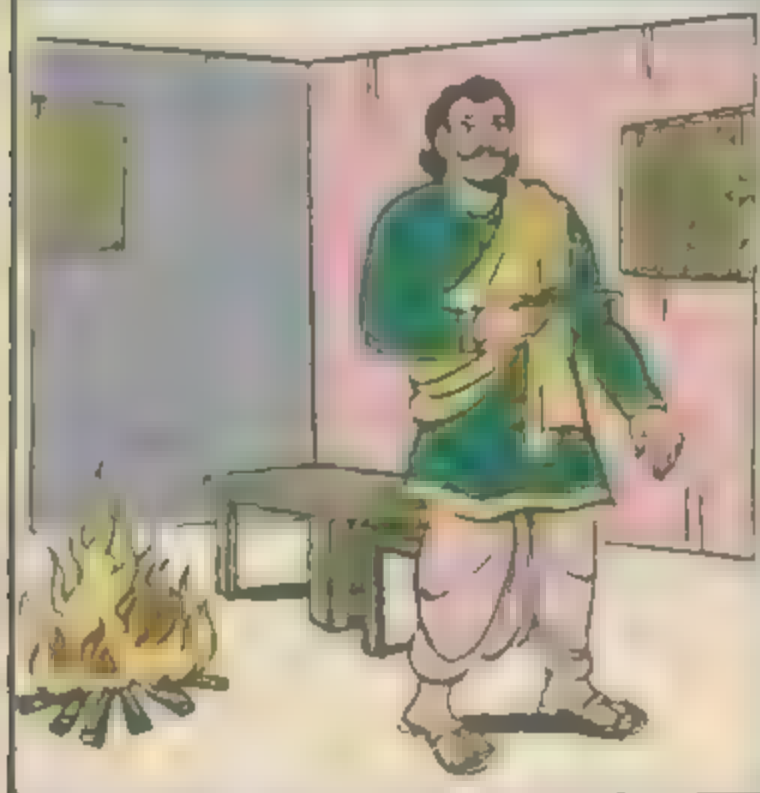


The landlord was then camping on a hillock. He sat on a stool near a fire and was eating mutton cutlets and sweetmeats. He offered no seat to Tenali Rama.

After giving the king's message, Tenali Rama said, "Sir, can I offer a mutton cutlet to my horse? It is hungry."

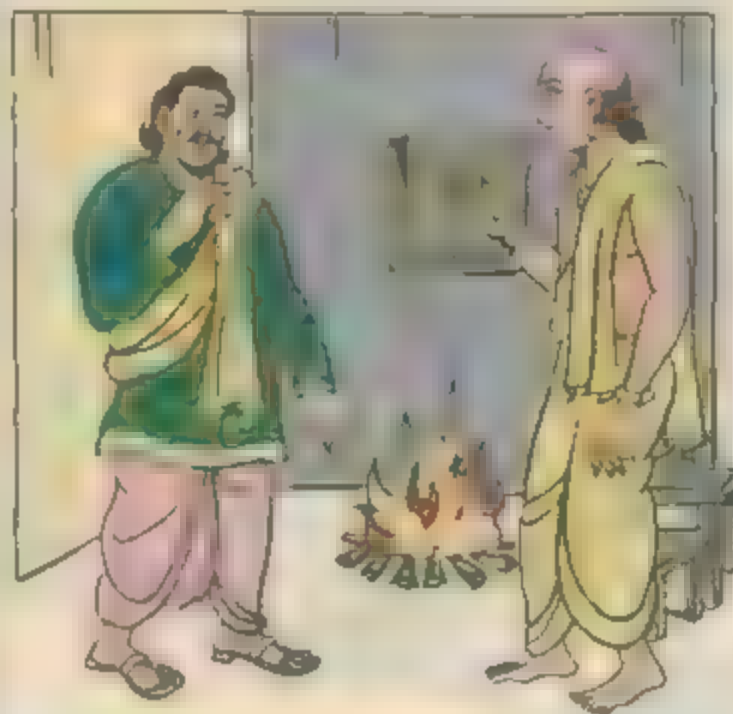
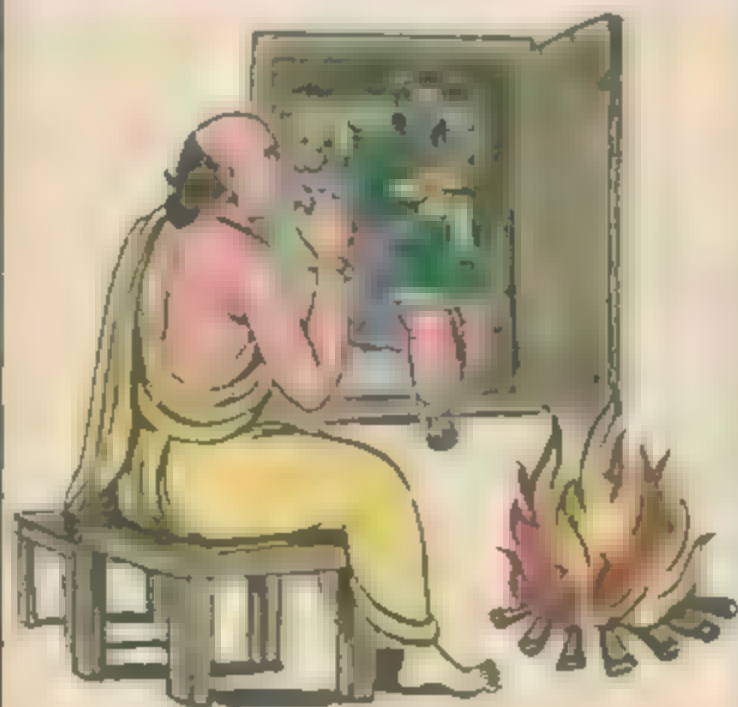


"What!" exclaimed the landlord. "Does your horse eat mutton cutlets? Is it that strange a horse?" "Sir, why don't you go and see?" said Tenali Rama



The landlord went out. Tenali Rama occupied his seat and warmed himself and ate the sweet meals

After a while the landlord returned and said, "But your horse refused to eat the mutton cutlet however I tried!"



"Now that its master is fed and is warm, it has stopped being strange. Grass and oats will be enough for it," said Tenali Rama as he stood up to leave.



A folktale from the Oraon tribe

A JACKAL FOR A JUDGE

A man was on his way to his father-in-law's house. He saw a large, bony tortoise heading from one swampy bush towards another. The man pounced upon it and lifted it. "What a delicious dish it will make!" he told himself. It was heavy, but he did not mind the burden.

He thought that there will be not much water in the river and he will be able to cross it by foot. But the river was in spate. No boat was seen anywhere nearby.

"Tortoise, can you swim to the other side carrying me on your back?" the man asked the captive tortoise.

"I can, but you must make a solemn promise that you will set me free," said the tortoise.

"Agreed," said the man. He

sat on the tortoise and it carried him to the other side of the river. The man then took to the road and the tortoise remained in the water.

Next day the man was on his way back home. The water level of the river had not come down. He soon spotted the tortoise and requested him to carry him to the other side of the river. The tortoise obliged him.

At the middle of the river the tortoise asked the man, "What are you thinking?"

Now, it was believed that one must not speak a lie while crossing a river. If one does, one may get drowned. So, the man said, "I was thinking that I can take you home for eating you, because today I did not make any promise to spare you!"

"I somehow knew, that is

what you were thinking And should I tell you what I was thinking?" asked the tortoise

"Please do."

"I was thinking that it will be nice for me to drown you here, for I have made no promise to carry you safe to the other side," said the tortoise.

"No! Don't do so!" shouted the man.

"Why not? You deserve this for your murderous thoughts!" said the tortoise.

A jackal who was walking on the river-bank heard their argument and looked at them.

"Let us ask this wise jackal if what you say is right, if really I deserve to be drowned," said the man.

"Right. And let me find out if

you should eat me!" said the tortoise.

"Gentle jackal!" shouted both of them and both spoke out the issue of their dispute.

The jackal came closer to the river bank, but feigned deafness. He signalled them to come nearer. The tortoise swam faster. Again both spoke, again the jackal showed that he was hard of hearing. The tortoise touched the river-bank.

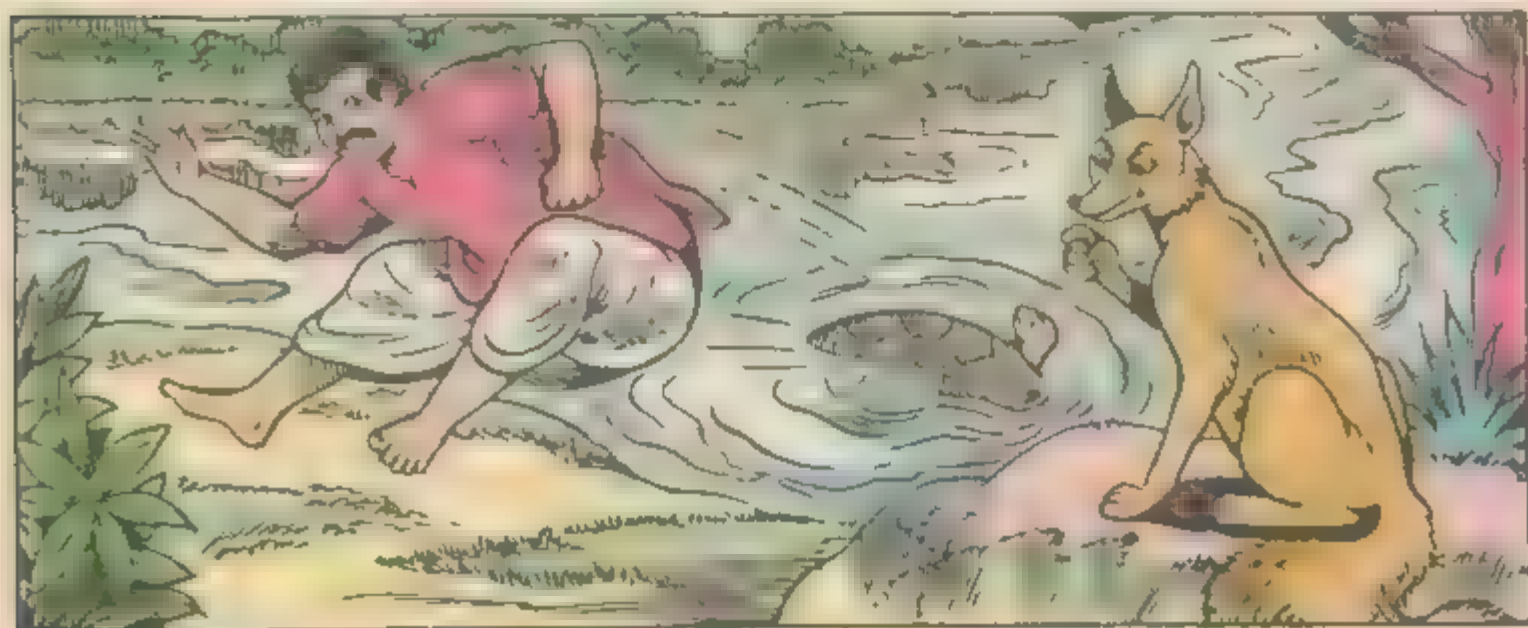
The man was about to speak again. But the jackal said, "You fool, jump to the land!"

The man obeyed him and was happy to be safe.

"Why don't you swim away, you fool, before he makes up his mind to catch you!" the jackal told the tortoise.

The tortoise at once made a dive into the deeper waters.

The jackal resumed his walk



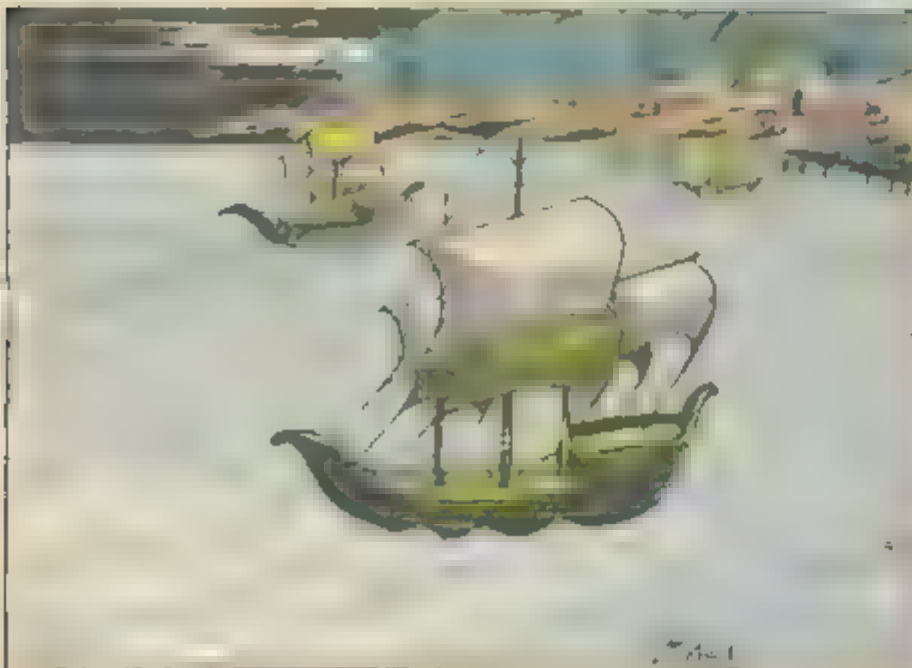


CLASSIC STORIES OF INDIA

THE GOLDEN ANKLET

Over two thousand years ago Puhar or Poompuhar on the sea, at the mouth of the sacred river Kaveri, was a magnificent city Capital of the mighty Chola Kings, the city had beautiful temples and pavilions

Kings of the dynasty were known for their just rule. People were fearless and they pursued their different vocations with encouragement received from the king Scholars, royal messengers and merchants from faraway countries like Greece and Rome greeted the king

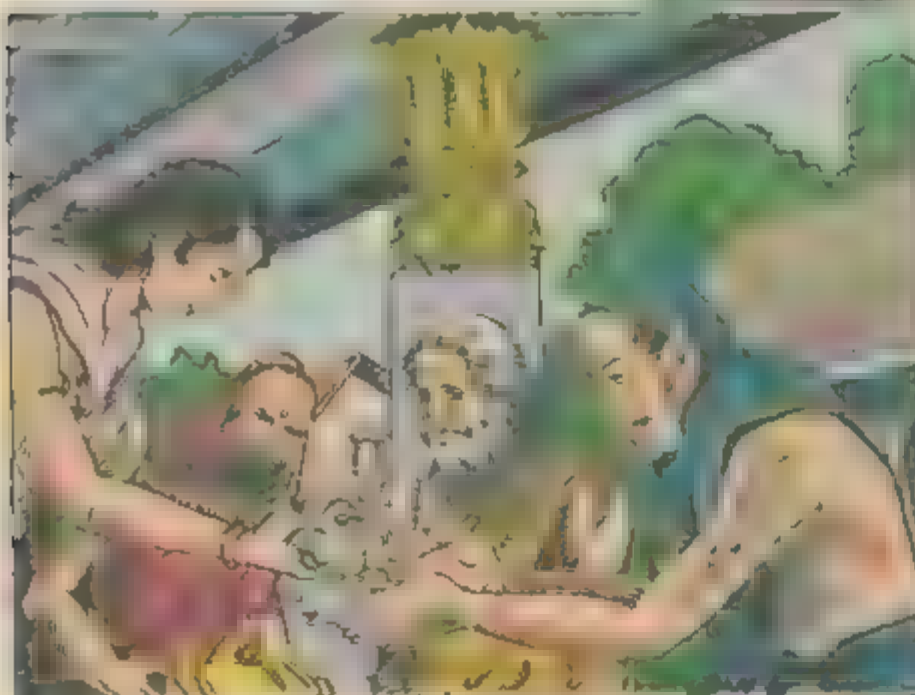


Ships from many distant lands came to the prosperous port of Puhar. In fact, merchants and mariners looked forward to visiting this city of prosperity. They could trade with the merchants of Puhar with trust



As one passed through the bazars of Puhar, one could not take his eyes off the glittering wares which the merchants displayed. Such commodities included precious jewels from far and wide

In a palatial house in this city lived Manaikan, a ship-owner. He had a daughter named Kannaki who was so beautiful that people compared her to Goddess Lakshmi. She was shy and endowed with rare qualities



Not far from their house lived Masattuvan, the most honoured merchant in the city. Kovalan was the name of his young son. Handsome, intelligent and dutiful, the boy was very generous and was never tired of giving alms to the needy.

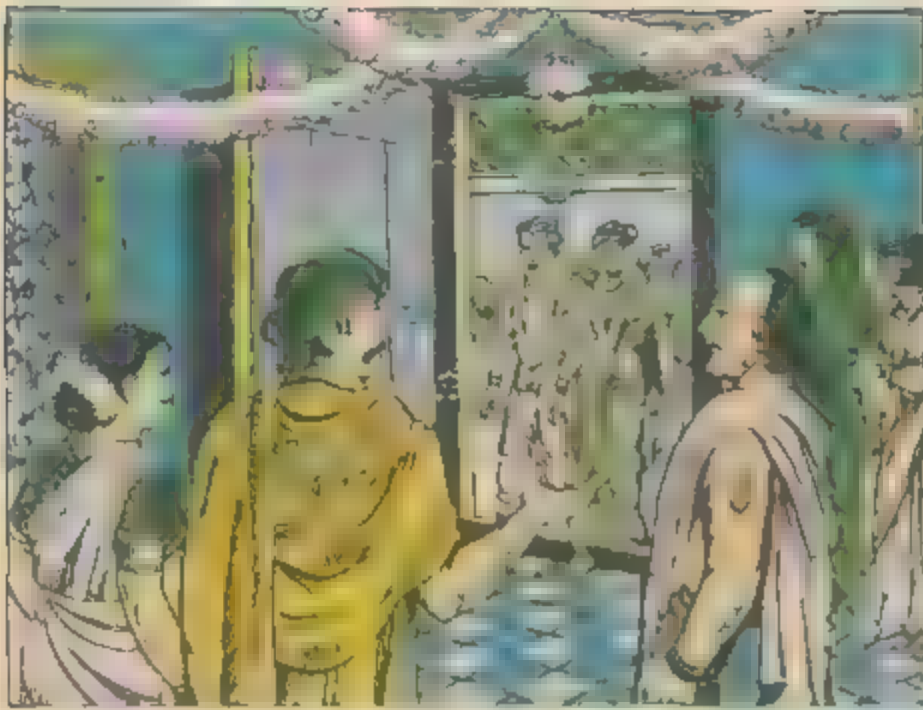
The two important men, Man-
aikan and Masattuvar, were
great friends. "Our children will
make an ideal match!" the two
friends one day concluded. Their
kinsmen and relatives heartily
agreed with their view



The date for the marriage be-
tween Kannaki and Kovalan was
fixed. The two processions, one
with the bride and the other with
the bridegroom, approached the
wedding pavilion amidst the au-
spicious din of conch and drums.
It was a sight rare and unforgett-
able.

Kovalan went round the sacred
fire in a dignified manner accom-
panied by his young bride while
the priests chanted the Vedic
hymns and the ladies greeted the
couple with flowers, sandalwood
paste and incense.





Kovalan's mother built a new house for her son and daughter-in-law so that the noble Kannaki could receive her guests in a fitting manner and freely. It was a fine mansion. Kovalan and Kannaki lived happily.

In another part of the city lived Madhavi, a nymph among human beings—a budding danseuse. With great devotion she learnt the art of dance from a worthy guru, in accompaniment with gifted musicians.



At last, she became accomplished enough to give her maiden performance before the king. Elaborate arrangements were made for the happy occasion and the nobility of the city was present. Madhavi began to perform.

—To Continue

THE DETECTIVE MINISTER

Some jewels were stolen from the king's treasure. The king had among his ministers a highly clever nobleman. The task of detecting the theft was entrusted to him. His name was Yuktivarma.

In the open court the king told Yuktivarma, "I give you a week. Should you fail to solve the mystery, you will lose your head."

"My lord, I shall surely be able to catch the thief. I will fail only if the thief is cleverer than I. In that case, my lord, you should make him a minister after my death," said Yuktivarma.

"I agree," said the king.

A week passed. It was announced that Yuktivarma shall be beheaded. At night one of the officials of the treasury met him and said, "Sir, you are to die in the morning. What about making the cleverer man a minister?"

"I was waiting for you," said Yuktivarma. "Luckily it is not yet morning."

He then called some guards and asked them to arrest the official. The stolen jewels were found in his house.



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HAD IT BEEN A TIGER...

The king's hunting party was out in the forest. They were divided into small groups and were scattered. The king was accompanied by a courtier.

Hours passed. The king could not find a single animal. He was disgusted. Suddenly a deer appeared before him. He took aim and discharged his arrow. But it did not hit the target.

"Wonderful!" commented the courtier. The king became terribly annoyed with the remark. His cheeks red, he looked at the courtier.

But the courtier mumbled as if to himself: "How many hunters have the not only to let a beast escape like this? Our king of course had to shoot because having come into the forest he must discharge an arrow or two. But he would not care to kill a mere deer. Had it been a tiger, his arrow would have finished it!"

The expression on the king's face changed into that of happiness.



Tastes like fun's just begun!



Baidyanath
Hazaan Kham



"BAMBOOZLED BY A DIDDLE'S BALLYHOO"

'After buying those hand-me-downs at what he thought a knock-down, Jack realised that he had been bamboozled by a diddle's ballyhoo. This got in his hair. He often found himself in a pickle with odds and ends.'

David of Trivandrum is puzzled with this passage which he encountered in a little known magazine from abroad. We are not surprised for the passage contains eight words and phrases which belong to the category of slang in the vocabulary.

Hand-me-downs are really old clothes. Knock-downs reduced price. To be bamboozled is to be deceived. A diddle is a swindle. Ballyhoo is a loud but empty talk. Odds and ends are things which annoy one. Pickle is a difficult situation. Odds and ends are different ordinary people or miscellaneous things.

Jack thought some really made clothes quite cheap but when finding them out to be worthless. He had been attracted by some advertisement which was designed by some trickster to cheat the customers. This irritated Jack but unfortunately he frequently fell into such traps!

Slangs normally take a long time to find their way into literary writing. It is not usual to find so many slangs in such a small passage. This might have been from a magazine bent upon giving a status to slangs. But left to themselves, some of these slangs shall die out and some will assume respectability. We will cite examples of words which were once slangs but are no more so, in our next issue.



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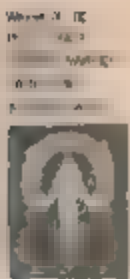
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Are descendants of Rama and Sita living today?

Bini Mathew, Indore

The Puranas and the Upapuranas which were composed after the great epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, traced the line of the great Solar Dynasty, beginning with Ikshvaku, to some generations, after Rama. In historical times there were several princely dynasties which claimed their lineage to the Solar Dynasty. But it is not possible to establish any unbroken link of any such later dynasty with the original Solar Dynasty to which Rama and his illustrious ancestors like Trishanku, Harishchandra, Rahitashwa, Bharat and Sagar belonged.

Why, for launching an operation, we often count down from a certain number to zero instead of from one to a higher number?

Sajid Anwar, Gulbarga.

When you count down, all concerned are left is no doubt about the point when the action is to start, for there is nothing after the zero. There is scope for confusion in counting upward. "Zero hour" means the exact time (hour, minute and second) for beginning an action.

What is a hovercraft?

Sunanda Patra, Bhubaneswar

It is a kind of aircraft designed for flying a short distance above the surface of sea or land. Its main support is a down-driven blast of air.

What is superconductivity?

S. Venkatesh, Bombay

Certain pure metals show extremely low electrical resistance at temperature approaching absolute zero. This quality of theirs is superconductivity.

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2 K Ranganathan PV Kalatrur

3 Varqhesa Francis

Bombay 400 074

Consolation prize winners

shall be informed by post

And here are the winning answers!

The world's largest ocean
Pacific Ocean

The two seas connected by the
Suez Canal: Red Sea and
Mediterranean Sea.

Tsangpo is the Tibetan name for
Brahmaputra

The ocean that borders Argentina
Atlantic Ocean

The longest river in South America
Amazon

Lake Baykal belongs to
The USSR

Lake Nasser belongs to Egypt

Lake Van belongs to Turkey

Lake Winnipeg belongs to Canada



PHOTO CONTEST



The Prize for May '88 goes to -
S Chandrasekar,
No. 6, Nenru Nagar,
Gudag Road, Hubli- 580 020
Karnataka.

PICKS FROM THE WISE

A new system of... has been developed... as much as...
them for it.

—George Bernard Shaw

$\frac{W_{\alpha}}{\mu} = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\mu} + \frac{1}{\mu'} \right) \left(\frac{1}{\mu} + \frac{1}{\mu'} \right) \left(\frac{1}{\mu} + \frac{1}{\mu'} \right)$

—J. Petit-Senn

—Charlotte Cushman

No share prices,
no political fortunes, yet..



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- from an IMRB survey
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